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29 October 1984

Aloha. C'est COSTAGUANA, a journal of postal Diplomacy and such other garbage as it behooves the editor to stuff in here, published by Conrad Friesner von Metzke, P.O. Box 27273, San Diego, CA 92128. Telephones: Home (719) 276-2937. Office (619) 487-6384. Subscription rate 10/\$2.00. Trades: All for all, gladly. Game fees: No openings, no fees, nyaah!

GROSS DELAY: This issue is sent a week late. The reason is none of your damned business at this time, but will eventually be made clear. It does not signify any problem that may lead to cancellation of the magazine.

NEWS FROM THE CHILDHOOD FRONT: I had a conversation with Ross the other night (he's five, remember?) that went this way:

Ross: "Daddy, what would happen if you died yesterday?"

Daddy: "Well, then I wouldn't be here now brushing your teeth."

Ross: "Then mommy would have to do it?"

Daddy: "That's right. Fortunately, I am here, so I can brush your teeth."

Ross: "Yeah, but not much longer! You're almost forty-one!"

MORE NEWS FROM THE KIDDIE DEPT.: We've been under a bit of strain the past couple of weeks. Recently, one of the local mental health "hot-line" agencies received a call on its after-hours recording machine. The caller stated that he lived very close to the school Ross attends; that he needed help; and that if he didn't get help he was going to take his .45 and go shoot some children. Two nights later, graffiti reading "suicidal tendencies" appeared on the walls of the school.

I must say that the school district acted magnificently; so did the San Diego Police. A parents' meeting was called, and all facts (except those withheld for investigative purposes) were clearly set forth. The school district assigned two full-time guards, and every single teacher and teacher's aide worked overtime to monitor the children. The police created a patrol route involving three cars which would pass the school in rotation all day, and would be present in the morning and afternoon in force. Every sensible precaution was taken, every resource tapped, and everything was fully disclosed.

Roughly 50 children dropped out of school, including one of Ross' best friends; but in general, we all backed the administration in its plea to stand pat and not panic. As they pointed out, a lunatic could surface anywhere and start shooting at any school. But just because I support the school district doesn't mean I'm placid; I'm still damned scared.

At this writing, neither progress in the case nor further incidents have been reported. The school guards are still there; the police have reduced their patrols but are still visible in the area; the teachers and aides are still very much alert. And we all still have fingers crossed.

DISASTER!

The preceding page was typed three weeks ago. Today is November 5, and there has been no realistic possibility to get a full issue out in all that time. There are three reasons for this:

1. We lost our other supervisor at work, and I've been going it alone. That has meant six days a week.

2. The election mail inundated us (the post office for which I work serves an area in which nearly every human being is registered, and most are Republican; thus we get hit with more of every possible political ad than any other San Diego office). This, combined with Item #1, has meant up to 70 hours a week. Today, for instance, I started at 5 a.m. and left at 6 p.m., with 15 minutes for lunch.

3. The free time I've had has been devoted to a problem with the plumbing at home and to a parents' committee that was formed to treat the threat to Ross' school that I already mentioned.

Those of you who are convinced that this is the first stage of another COSTAGUANA fold-up may stop worrying. The election is over tomorrow. Another supervisor arrives next week, and in addition I'm getting an administrative clerk to help with the desk work. And it is generally agreed that the school threat, while still in our minds, was an apparent hoax. Obviously they could start shooting tomorrow, but it no longer seems dreadfully likely. So we of the parents' committee plan to evaporate.

Well, anyway. There is no realistic way to put out a full issue this round; if I sit around waiting for time to do that, it'll be another week, and enough is enough. Here are the moves and press. I will somehow arrange to make up the deficit to trades and subs. Bear with me, and understand.

GAME ONE

1983-AC - Fall 1906

The German retreat was to Bohemia. And last time I seem to have omitted one English order: f nat-nwg. (I printed one of the other orders twice.)

AUSTRIA (Robson): a sil-war. a tus-rom. a rum-bud. a ser (h). a pie-mar.
a mun-ber. a gal (s) sil-war. f nap-tyn.

ENGLAND (Pustilnik): a lvn-stp. a den-kie. f nth (h). f bal-ber. f wal-lon. f nwg-bar. f hel (h).

FRANCE (Johnston): a tyo-vie. a ruh (s) ber-mun. a ber-mun. a hol-bel.
a bur-mar. f wes-lyo. f tyn-ion. f mid-spa sc.

GERMANY (Fleming): a boh-vie. a pru-sil.

ITALY (Stevens): f tun (s) FRE tyn-ion.

RUSSIA (Cartier): a mos-ukr. a war (s) mos-ukr.

TURKEY (Walters): a bul (h). a sev-mos. a ukr (s) sev-mos. f gre (s) ion.
f bla (s) bul. f ion (s) AUS nap-tyn.

The Austrian army Munich is annihilated. The French f tyn may retreat to wes or tus (or off the board). Builds may be conditional on this one. Both Russian units must also retreat, but who the hell cares where?

Ownership List

A: vie, bud, tri, ven, rom, nap, ser, rum, war (9). Build
E: lon, lvp, edi, nwy, swe, den, kie, ber, stp (9). Build two.
F: par, bre, mar, spa, por, hol, bel, mun (8). Even.
G: First out gets a free game!
I: tun (1). Even.
R: Simultaneous first out gets one too!
T: smy, ank, con, bul, gre, sev, mos (7). Build one.

The retreat and the builds are due FRIDAY, November 30, 1984.

Press will follow the other game, to the extent that I can stay awake.

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GAME TWO

1984-HI - Spring 1902

AUSTRIA (Pierce): a rum (s) TUR sev-ukr. a ser-tri. a tri-tyo. a vie
(s) tri-tyo. a bud-gal. f gre (s) TUR con-aeg.
ENGLAND (Johnston): a nwy (s) GER den-swe. f lvp-iri. f nth-eng. f nwg-bar.
FRANCE (Fleming): a spa-mar. a por-spa. f bre-eng. f mar-lyo. f iri-wal.
GERMANY (Walker): a hol-ruh. a ruh-mun. a ber-mun. f kie-bal. f den-swe.
ITALY (Peel): a tyo-ven. a tun-apu. f ion (c) tun-apu. f nap pens poetry.
RUSSIA (Cartier): a gal-sil. a stp-fin. f bot-bal.
TURKEY (Stevens): a bul-sev. a sev-ukr. f con-aeg. f smy-eas. f bla (c)
bul-sev.

Retreats: Few and far between.

Fall 1902 moves are due FRIDAY, November 30, 1984.

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NOTE TO ALL PLAYERS: The upcoming deadline is altered from the normal day to allow for the fact that there are two holidays coming up, and the mails may have a problem. This may, with luck, get mailed Tuesday the 6th, but it's more likely on Wednesday. That means the East Coast may not see it until Tuesday the 13th. And that, my friends, is why the weird deadline.

Also - in all its previous incarnations, COSTAGUANA did not publish in December. That's because I work for the post office, and don't have time. This year, however, I'm going to try it anyway; the deadline after next will be set for Monday, Christmas eve, and we'll see what happens. If anyone has a severe problem with this, please let me know.

GAME THREE!!

The new game is full, and I do hereby decree its commencement. The preference lists were matched in my own unique way, and gave us five first choices, one third and one fourth. (The fourth was impossible to avoid, as nobody ranked Turkey higher than that position.)

On the next page are listed names and addresses of seven vicious killers, who will kindly start their plotting.

GAME THREE LIST

AUSTRIA: R. Jacob ('Jake') Walters, P.O. Box 1064, Brookline, MA 02146
ENGLAND: Kenneth Peel, 8708 First Ave., Apt. T-2, Silver Spring, MD 20910
FRANCE: John Walker, 4819 Corian Oak, San Antonio, TX 78219
GERMANY: John Caruso, 160-02 43^d Ave., Flushing, NY 11358
ITALY: Michael Pustilnik, 140 Cadman Plaza West, Brooklyn, NY 11201
RUSSIA: Doug Brown, PO Box 584, Penngrove, CA 94951
TURKEY: Steve Cartier, P.O. Box 1653, Riverside, CA 92502

In case anybody cares, Ken was the sod who got his third choice, and Steve was the fourth. If I know Steve, he probably doesn't much care; that leaves just Ken potentially unhappy. Sorry, but who gives a hoot anyway? The glories of playing in this magazine far outweigh the demeaning position you've been given.

START SCHEMING. And I strongly suggest an advance set of orders just in case the holiday pressures cause forgetfulness, because

SPRING 1901 MOVES ARE DUE CHRISTMAS EVE - Monday, December 24, 1984. Now - if nobody specifically objects by next issue, I may shorten that by a week - that's a hell of a long time to wait, after all - and put out a special issue just for this game, followed by a four-week gap for the second move. If you think you can't live with less time, say so NOW.

And remember - miss the first move and you are replaced instantly, and in addition I make the country's moves for you.

'Phone #s - if any of you want them published, I'll do it next time. I have numbers for Jake, Ken, Doug, and - no, that's it. What I got, I print nextish.

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People, will you respectfully forgive me? I am exhausted, and I wish to get some sleep. All press submitted for this issue will be printed in the next one, I promise. But I am so beat I'm mistyping - and having to correct- every third word. Where a page normally takes me ten minutes to type, this one has cost twenty so far.

Letters owed to many people - Caruso, Morton, Brown, Peel, Rod Walker, Beyerlein, John Walker - will be dealt with shortly. If you're mad, all I can say is - you try working 70 hours a week, raising two children (one of whom is under a death threat), meet a deadline for two articles for the American Philatelist, and fill out four job applications in four days. I used to have no problem on four hours' sleep for six nights running. But I'm over 40 now, and can't do it. Sorry.

There once was an Arab named Jamul
Who rode too far north on his camul.
He feared for his life,
So he got a warm wife
And rubbed noses inside his igloo.

- John Walker, god forbid....